

(24)  
A NEW ODE,

to a great Number of Great  
MEN, newly made.

Jam Nova Progenies.

by the Author of The COUNTRY-MAID.

I.

SEE, a new Progeny descends  
From Heav'n, of Britain's truest Friends,  
O Muse, attend my Call!  
To one of these direct my Flight,  
Or, to be sure that we are right,  
Direct it to them all.

II.

O Clio, these are golden Times;  
I shall get Money for my Rhymes;  
And thou no more go tatter'd:  
Make Haste, then, lead the Way, begin;  
For here are People just come in,  
Who never yet were flatter'd.

III.

But first to C——t fain you'd sing;  
Indeed he's nearest to the K——,  
Yet careless how you use him:  
Give him, I beg, no labour'd Lays;  
He will but *promise*, if you praise,  
And laugh if you abuse him.

## IV.

Then (but there's a vast Space betwixt)  
 The new-made E. of B— comes next,  
 Stiff in his popular Pride ;  
 His Step, his Gate, describe the Man ;  
 They paint him better than I can,  
 Waddling from Side to Side.

## V.

Each Hour a different Face he wears,  
 Now in a Fury, now in Tears,  
 Now laughing, now in Sorrow ;  
 Now he'll command, and now obey,  
 Bellows for Liberty To-day,  
 And roars for Power To-morrow.

## VI.

At Noon the *Tories* had him tight,  
 With staunchest *Whigs* he supp'd at Night ;  
 Each Party try'd t' have won him ;  
 But he himself did so divide,  
 Shuffled and cut from Side to Side,  
 That now both Parties shun him.

## VII.

See yon old, dull, important Lord,  
 Who at the long'd-for Money-Board,  
 Sits first, but does not lead :  
 His younger Brethren all Things make ;  
 So that the T—y's like a Snake,  
 And the Tail moves the Head.

## VIII.

Why did you cross God's good Intent ?  
 He made you for a Pr—f—nt ;  
 Back to that Station go :  
 Nor longer act this Farce of Power,  
 We know you miss'd the Thing before,  
 And have not got it now.

## IX.

See valiant *C—m*, valorous *S—r*;  
*Britain's* two Thunder-Bolts of War,  
 Now strike my ravish'd Eye;  
 But, oh! their Strength and Spirit's flown,  
 They, like their conquering Swords, are grown  
 Rusty with lying by.

## X.

Dear *Bath*, I'm glad you've got a Place,  
 And since Things thus have chang'd their Face,  
 You'll give Opposing o'er;  
 'Tis comfortable to be in,  
 And think what a damn'd While you've been,  
 Like *Peter* at the Door.

## XI.

See who comes next—I kiss thy Hands,  
 But not in Flattery, *S—l S—s*;  
 For since you are in Power,  
 That gives you Knowledge, Judgment, Parts;  
 The Courtier's Wiles, the Statesman's Arts,  
 Of which you'd none before.

## XII.

When great impending Danger shook  
 Its State, old *Rome* Dictators took  
 Judiciously from Plough;  
 So they (but at a Pinch, thou knowest)  
 To make the Highest of the Lowest,  
 Th' *E—r* gave to you.

## XIII.

When in your Hands the Seals you found,  
 Did it not make your Brain go round?  
 Did it not turn your Head?  
 I fancy (but you hate a Joke)  
 You felt, as *Nell* did when she 'woke,  
 In *Lady Loverule's* Bed,

## XIV.

See *H—y V—e* in Pomp appear,  
 And, since he's made *V—e-T—r*,  
 Grown taller by some Inches;  
 See *Tw—* follow *C—r's* Call;  
 See *H—n G—r*, and all  
 The black Funereal *F—s*.

## XV.

And see, with that important Face,  
*Beranger's* Clerk, to take his Place,  
 Into the *Tr—y* come;  
 With Pride and Meanness act thy Part,  
 Thou look'st the very Thing thou art,  
 Thou *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

## XVI.

Oh! my poor Country! is this all  
 You've gain'd, by the long-labour'd Fall,  
 Of *W—le* and his Tools?  
 He was a *K—e* indeed—what then?  
 Held Parts—but this new Set of Men  
 Are n't only *K—s*, but *F—s*.

## XVII.

More Changes, better Times, this Isle  
 Demands; Oh! *Chesterfield, Argyle*,  
 To bleeding *Britain* bring 'em!  
 Unite all Hearts, appease each Storm!  
 'Tis your's such Actions to perform!  
 My Pride shall be to sing 'em.

**F I N I S**